Too much

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Too much

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

After an attack at work causes Will's dark Becoming, Hannibal takes the novice killer under his wing and into his arms. They are so happy in their new love and in the honesty they can finally share, except for one not-so-small issue. Hannibal is secretly stressed that his giant d!ck may frighten or hurt Will, and is holding back his lust. Meanwhile, Will is lusting after his man, ready to take it all. Will has no intentions of giving up, despite the older man's concerns and long-held embarrassment.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

"*So be careful if you're wanting this touch*
'Cause if I love you, then I love you too much" -Carly Rae Jepsen

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Will had a funny theory that made him want to cry, which was that he and Hannibal never would have gotten together if his lover hadn't gone back into the Quantico offices to find him for a second time in one evening.

What if Hannibal had played it cool and left after stopping by for a quick, breezy hello following a meeting with Jack that one September evening?

Hannibal might, instead, have walked contentedly back to the Bentley while the leaves fluttered down from quiet trees and the stars emerged in sparkling needle-points of perfection in a pitch black sky. No clues that it was a special or life-changing moment in time. It was a clear evening, pleasantly cold. The first real Fall evening of the year, which was always lovely to breathe in and absorb.

But it wasn't enough to soothe or calm Hannibal's distracted mood.

He stopped short with his keys in his hand before he even got to the parking lot. And he turned around abruptly, walking faster than he normally did, long legs making impatient strides now that he'd made a sudden new plan. It was something Hannibal never did: this was taking a risk. He clutched the keys in an iron grip of pure nervousness and several other feelings he couldn't even understand, almost cutting into his skin.

In fact, he'd tried to avoid these feelings making him act foolishly since he met Will, and now he was rebelling against his own previously implacable resolve to remain impervious to human emotion.

This wasn't even a back-up plan, this was…spontaneous, for the first time in his careful life.

After fighting the instinct for weeks, Hannibal had, for some reason, snapped like a crisp leaf under a work boot. His resistance to Will broke down entirely.

I have to see him was all Hannibal had in his mind, irresistibly. *I have to see him.*

He thought perhaps he would make up an excuse for coming back and another made-up reason for lingering just to get more time alone with the profiler.

And perhaps, if he was lucky, fate would favor him and make something magical happen, bringing Will into his arms with no further need to hold back his own emotion and desire, nor his true nature.

When he got to Will's classroom again, still thinking about possible speeches and practicing them in his mind, he stopped short with a jolt of shock when he saw Will standing over a dead body.

Smiling.

Triumphant.

Perfect.

No one else was there. That, too, was perfect.

Hannibal locked the door. They would need privacy. No one else deserved to see this, and no one would be allowed to tarnish the special moment. The moment of witnessing Will's Becoming so much sooner than he'd ever let himself dream.

A large, heavy metal podium in an ugly shade of cheap beige had been considerably improved by a bold scarlet splatter of fresh blood. Will was shaking hard, but he was unable to disguise his enjoyment this time, having fantasized about this moment since he shot Garret Jacob Hobbs.

Gaining a surrogate daughter had only increased the reasons why Will thought he had to stay a good person, but he could only fight his own nature for so long. Deep down, Hannibal suspected he always knew that.

Dreaming about killing again had been a major "problem" Will had grappled with lately, one he often discussed with his trusted doctor in therapy. Hannibal did his best to encourage the instinct while keeping his cover intact, wishing the latter were not necessary.

Perhaps it wouldn't be anymore, now.

The victim was a big man, stout and strong, middle-aged, probably the type of man who assumed this would be a fast and easy battle, with Will unable to defend himself in an environment where he had no gun or warning.

This man, if he did think such things, was a fool.

Hannibal closed the door behind him.

So. This man, whoever he was, had attacked Will and paid the price. Hannibal could hardly contain his own delight.

Will finally noticed Hannibal from his crouch on the floor, staring at his victim, then his bloody hands and back again, euphoric. High on the kill. A beautiful stag, sleek and daring in the hunt, meant to run through the forest by night at the side of the Chesapeake Ripper.

He had never wanted to admit it before, not fully, even in his mind, but when Will's luminous blue eyes fell on him and the boy smiled as if relieved it was Dr. Lecter and nobody else who caught him, he realized he was in love with Will Graham.

The fear didn't return until later, when it would no longer be a fear of emotional intimacy, but morphed into a terror of rejection regarding physical intimacy. He smiled back at Will because in this exquisite moment of understanding, there was no future he could fathom that would be imperfect.

"I had to," Will said in a trembling voice. His fever was raging and his eyes were wild, curls messy and blood-tinted.

His strong throat was left exposed by the low collar of a seafoam green henley, his soft skin streaked in red. Nipples poking through the thin fabric. A noticeable bulge in his tan trousers; it wasn't only murder that had him so excited – that was only part of it. The biggest thrill was being caught murdering by *Hannibal.*

"Really?" Hannibal kept his expression neutral, captivated, curious. He walked slowly down the stairs until he got to Will and reached a hand down to help him up.

"Yes," Will insisted, "He's the father of a young man I helped send to prison on a life sentence for heinous, terrible murders, not – not murder like this. Not righteous kills, but needlessly cruel ones. You understand?"

Hannibal allowed the boy to brace his hands against his overcoat and cling to him, still smiling, hoping for his approval.

"Which part?" Hannibal tilted his face, startled at his heart pounding so fast, the more he looked at his glorious, blood-splattered patient. "That this man lost his mind and came here to avenge himself on you in some misled attempt to replace his son's evil deeds with what he wished to perceive as yours? That you defended yourself with unnecessary vigor? Or that you appear not only free from guilt and regret, but also downright exhilarated?"

"Uh– All of it. You told me this is how God feels. Remember? Powerful. You were right."

"A quiet sense of power."

Hannibal had no chance to stop the rest of his meager defenses falling. The boy was too perfect. How could he help it? He never imagined there could be such a person in all of existence, much less standing here, his face so close Hannibal could feel his warm, fast breathing, his sumptuous body leaned so trusting and seeking against his own.

And Dr. Lecter felt larger than he was because Will was so dependent on his guidance. It was euphoric, realizing that in Will's eyes he truly stood head and shoulders above most mere mortals, perhaps all others. He saw in Will a hero worship that made him want to take the boy over his desk right that very second.

The stunning profiler seemed to be immersed in a remarkable fever daze. Feeling the boy's sweaty brow, he let his fingers spread and touch soft curls, lingering, then stroking his hair. When Will moaned and leaned into every touch, as Hannibal had secretly dreamed he might someday do during one of their sessions, the older man felt his heart beat even faster as his skin tingled and a warm throb in his stomach rapidly traveled to his thickening cock.

“I used to fantasize about this,” He admitted, taking Will’s pulse and feeling for his temperature – they were elevated but well within safe parameters – every touch turning into a caress.

He squeezed Will’s shoulders gently and cupped his face when an elated look lit up the boy’s face.

Will was confused; he had not expected that the full force of his feelings and attraction were returned, any more than Hannibal had. “What do you mean?”

Hannibal admitted, matter-of-fact but soft and affectionate,“That I dreamed you’d faint during one of our sessions, only so that I could catch you in my arms and hold you. That I imagined how I’d carry you home and put you to sleep in my bed. Feed you, make sure you had enough to drink and any medicine you might require for that fever of yours. I wished you would curl up on my lap and let me put my fingers into your hair as I’m doing right now, and that…you would relax for me, at my command, under my control. I dreamed about taking care of you.”

“*Oh.*” Will smiled more shyly. No one would have guessed that he’d just crushed a man’s skull with his teaching podium. He was so wonderfully, incomparably complex and deep. “That means I’d have to *let* you take care of me. Now that you see me more clearly, do you want to run, or pull me closer, Dr. Lecter?”

“Do you mind me asking just one more question before addressing yours?”

“No, you can ask me anything,” Will allowed.

The more Hannibal held him, even just his shoulders and arms, light caresses and steadying squeezes, hand running rhythmically through his brunette hair, Will relaxed. His posture went from an agitation of excitement to a quieted delight.

Will never would have allowed himself to be this honest and never would have risked exposing any of his own hidden, dark corners full of taboo proclivities, before Becoming and giving into his blood-thirst. Now, instead of letting insecurities define his every choice and word, Will was simply going to do whatever he felt like doing. Hannibal thought this could not have worked out more fortuitously for them both if he’d paid that dreadful man to come here and attack Will.

And he wondered why he hadn’t thought of doing that before. He supposed if it were to take months and months more to try and subtly massage the Becoming out of Will, he might have gone to measures that extreme.

“It’s not so much a question, the more I consider the matter.” Hannibal smiled, eyes warm, his hand coming up to cup the back of Will’s head as he leaned just a little closer. “You’re very aroused, Will.”

“Yes. I am. I feel…high on the fact of you finding me here like that, like this…” He trailed blood down Hannibal’s cheek and left a bright stripe on his therapist’s smooth skin.

"*Ahh,*" Will loosed a soft moan of approval. He stared into the older man's soulful eyes and painted his other noble, high cheekbone, too, noticing that Hannibal then closed those deep, dark eyes to lean into the touch. They were like animals, yet there was an elegance to their ravenous and tender art.

Will was celebrating his revelation of violence and power, untangling himself from the ropes of moral life. He liked what he saw, his influence on Hannibal drug-like. He was making a place in Hannibal as Hannibal did the same in him.

Fascinated, he moved that pretty, blood-dipped finger down Hannibal's face and pressed it against the older man's lips. He didn't need to ask for the opening which happened next, nor the vulnerable groan of pleasure as Hannibal sucked the blood off his skin, then simply fellated the taste of Will.

Fire flashed in his eyes; he was magnetically dangerous, the animal and the dark king all at once, delicately biting down on Will to give a hint, only a hint, of how they would combine pleasure and pain to their mutual and delighted undoing.

Velvet-soft lips pressed to his, blood sealed to blood in a pact further sanctified in shapeless moans that somehow said it all. The sounds of bliss vibrated between them; they opened to each other more, instinctively, and their tongues met, slowly stroking. Each took a turn to suck the other's tongue, hands slowly but firmly moving all over each other's bodies.

Will had his hands planted to Hannibal's shirt front, having tugged the older man's coat off, otherwise remaining slow and exploring the sensations to his heart's content. He could feel the strong muscle and soft skin of the older man's pecs and firmly cupped them, flicking his tongue more confidently against Hannibal's now, eliciting a ragged moan.

Encouraged, Will gently let his thumbs just graze the two hard points of Hannibal's nipples through his shirt, at which his therapist kissed him harder, eyes closed, completely lost to the experience and Will's innocent abandon. He grabbed Will's pert, round ass and gave it several savoring gropes. There was nothing he wanted more than to be inside this beautiful boy, and it scared him to know that might never happen. He was *big*, and sometimes his cock was so large that it became a real problem during sex.

All sorts of feelings were mixed up with this small stab of momentary and confused longing. He put the fear away to deal with later; he wasn't going to penetrate Will here and now; they'd work it out somehow, he'd…find some solution, even if it eluded him at present.

Will tasted *so good.*

He could kiss those sweet lips that he just knew had never, ever been kissed properly, and listen intently with a galloping heartbeat at the sound of Will's moans, varying from boyish to breathy and low, and he could feel Will's body, have Will's hands on him.

Even half an hour ago, these simple pleasures would have seemed to have no place but his own fantasy realm, yet there was the most gorgeous creature in all of the world, weak and melting against him. Their kisses had already become all-encompassing, even difficult to stop.

They did that with great satisfaction for a few minutes, until Will, dizzy and smiling, shyly blushing and honestly happy, pulled back to say, “I can’t leave all this evidence. Um,” he shook his head and sighed, brow furrowing, “It’s all mixed up, the killing and the lust, and I like you *so* much – I’m getting, um, carried away, with…I’ve been thinking about kissing you for a long time. Never thought I’d get up the nerve.”

“My brave boy,” Hannibal said, making Will’s cheeks turn more scarlet with the praise. Ah, so Will liked that, did he? He would remember this.

“Do you not wonder why I’m not more concerned or even frightened – perhaps driven to justice by what I walked in on this evening?” Playfully, he adjusted the glasses on Will’s face, which had been crushed between them and left totally crooked.

“I guess I assumed…you understood my feelings. Because, you’re a killer now, too. Tobias. You said you felt the same, and it was something only we, and others like us can fathom. That made so much more sense tonight, when I was hitting him, and hitting him, and he started not even having features…Hannibal.”

He put his head on Hannibal’s shoulder with a puppyish nudge. “I felt so wonderfully secure, happy and peaceful, so strong and that I had control. Over life and death. It’s such a rush…I can’t go without it anymore. Can you help me?”

“Oh, yes, darling.” Hannibal was intrigued and honored by Will’s explanation.

Will had almost hit on the secret of the Ripper, he was so close…and now Hannibal dared to hope that the revelation might not be unwelcome when he did get a chance to confess.

“Will? I’m here now. And I’m going to help you with everything. Did your father help you, when you had challenges and big projects, or when you felt lost at sea?”

“No, he never did, but that’s okay…”

“It’s not okay. I asked you because now, I am going to be your Daddy. I will show you how it truly feels to be loved and taken care of. I’m rushing…admittedly, I’m carried away as well…you’re divine, sweetheart, and have a power over my senses which bewitches me entirely.”

“Daddy,” Will tried it out, still in a strange, beautiful murder trance of clarity, “Yes, it sounds right.” His cute forehead crinkled again and he licked his kiss-reddened lips in confusion. “Why does that sound right?”

“I’m going to help you clean up,” Hannibal kissed his sweaty brow, his cheeks, lips, even his nose, lightly, affection overcoming him again.

The taste of blood and Will made him almost uncontrollable; it was only for Will’s sake and avoiding blame for the crime beside them that helped him stop.

Hannibal barely knew what he was doing, kissing Will Graham and affixing intimate titles that meant far too much, fingers aching to touch him three seconds or less after they made

themselves disentangle.

“Okay.” Will was breathing hard. He grinned, shook his head. He pouted. “Do we have to stop kissing?”

Hannibal looked up from the corpse he was examining, carefully determining the best means of conveyance. “Will.”

“I’m sorry,” Will sighed, looking as if he thought Hannibal was scolding him, responding as he always did. Sadly, the smile fading.

Hannibal recalled that despite his sassy, sometimes even deliciously bratty attitude in session, Will never sassed back when Hannibal spoke sternly to him. Put him in his place.

Thus far, it had only happened when Hannibal could no longer stand the sight of Will’s miserable expression, nor the words that came from the mouth of a defeatist; *Will is going to work himself to death*, he’d thought, before he could save the boy with sickness and tricks to twist his mind open.

Will must listen and hear that he was a luminous angel, not the nothing he described, not the drone who must use his talent to save everyone but himself and still feel guilty. Hannibal occasionally had not been able to hold back his words of correction, and Will always teared up, avoided his eyes, and clasped his hands. Always went silent, penitent. As if he was praying in a church.

Remarkable boy. Hannibal stood with a sigh, thinking what a handful this boy was going to be, but unable to imagine anything more wonderful. Marveling at his incredible luck, he clasped that adorable face and kissed the pout.

“I’m sorry,” Will blurted, “I don’t know why I did that, I don’t know what I’m doing, and…”

“You don’t?” Hannibal growled and tugged his shirt forward, bestowing another kiss that was nowhere near as amorous as he felt inclined to be. “I think you do. You’re brilliant, Will. I think you’re already learning how to provoke me in new ways. In the past, you have no idea how your small and outrageous flourishes of bratty behavior, your submissive regret upon a scolding, drove me mad. Silently mad for you. I am quite sure you can bring yourself to understand that particular power, despite whatever else I may still have to teach you.”

Will looked at him in disbelief. “What…what do I have to do?” he asked, instantly obedient and at Hannibal’s beck and call.

“Nothing, as it happens, or nothing much, at least,” Hannibal laughed softly. “Having canvassed the scene, I don’t see how there’s any way to remove the evidence of you, nor the body, without causing more trouble than this ne’er do well is worth. When I think of how he tried to hurt you…”

Hannibal shook his head and blinked, in a shock of new and intensifying emotion. He felt a primal drive about the boy, a need to protect.

“I got him. It’s okay, Daddy,” Will soothed. He bit Hannibal’s shoulder and then snuggled his face against it from behind, wrapping his arms around the older man’s waist as Hannibal touched his hands, finding it easier to breathe.

“We’ll simply have to play out a little show for Jack and the team before we can go home so that I may have you all to myself.”

“No need to do much in the way of embellishing the story, except…I caved in his skull.”

“Could there have been another way for that to happen?” Hannibal pondered carefully, looking at the body and the murder weapon from various angles. Imagining himself as Will, wielding the podium in a rage of self-defense and something much more. He was quite good at imagining, but he was no Will.

The empath nodded and explained, “He tried to grab the podium. See,” pointing to indicate a certain choreography of lies and trajectories, “He’s lying here, lunging up to get me, I grab the podium as a shield, not to hit him, at first.”

“Yes,” Hannibal was amazed and couldn’t help but smile, “Yes, Will, that’s perfect. He would have shoved it upwards at your head while you bore down in an instinct of self-preservation. Causing the podium to do the damage which we do not wish laid on your special skill set as an instrument of justice.”

Will bit his lip and turned pink again. “Thank you, I’m glad you like it…”

“It’s the best murder cover-up I’ve ever heard, sweet boy.” Indulgently, Hannibal hugged him, the possessive grip crushing a happy Will right against his chest. “Ah. We must separate and maintain boundaries of friendship and professionalism for the time being. How I’ll suffer, you will never, never know.”

“Ha,” Will smirked, “I’m sure you can show me later on, right?”

Hannibal only smiled and hugged the boy. He didn’t know if he could show Will. Love for the boy made him almost want to cry at the thought that his overly…well, his immense endowment might be off-putting, frightening, painful, a problem. Not to mention the enthusiastic way his girthy cock produced precum from an unusually active Cowper’s gland. He’d always wished that would be less, with no recourse; when aroused, the flow of his desire became unmanageable.

Masturbatory sessions had proved Will to be his greatest weakness in these areas, the very areas in which he wanted to reduce his bodily eccentricities to please the boy better. Give him the first time he deserved and many more after that which were only pleasure, delight, comfort.

But on many lonely nights in his bed at home, before Will had confessed his feelings and he had done the same, Hannibal had stroked himself imagining his boy in many compromising, gorgeous positions beneath him, atop him, many settings, outlandish, exotic, or basic as his own blue sheets and the bedframe rocking with loud smacks against the wall and floor.

On those nights, he had soaked all the bedding, and his cock, pulsing eagerly in his shaking, tightening grip while he moaned loudly, had never been that big before. Even by his standards.

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They were an amazing team, he and Will. There was no problem proving to the FBI that Will had been attacked by this surly enemy of his, and Jack even asked Hannibal to take Will home and look after him, to make sure he was alright before leaving him alone.

“I would be honored,” Hannibal smiled, grateful for the easy excuse to show more attentive physical care and no further delay in taking Will away with him. He put an arm around his “patient.”

“Are you alright to walk, Will?”

Will had done an outstanding and quite terrifying acting job of shaking and crying, as if he was traumatized and regretful rather than euphoric and proud for having killed this man.

Jack, Katz, Zeller and Price were all convinced; Zeller, who usually doubted Will’s stability more than the others, even reassured Will with “Hey, look: you did the right thing. Okay?” and a pat on the shoulder.

Hannibal ignored the possessive way this made him feel; Will was his; he could no longer doubt it, and they needed to keep the team from conjuring questions about Will’s innocence. It was best to be entirely calm and collected. Still, he didn’t want anyone else touching his boy.

Perhaps Hannibal’s own insecurity about ultimately being the lover Will would find pleasing and worth a lifetime commitment such as he craved was making him more paranoid. Other men or women could certainly give Will things Hannibal could not. Certainly, though, he could make up for this in other ways.

On the drive to Wolf Trap, he watched Will sleeping off a wave of exhaustion from the adrenaline’s aftermath, and forced his eyes back to the road when the light turned green. That beautiful, perfect, beloved face. Hannibal would make him happy, he had to, he desired it above all else. So…he would put all of his effort into finding ways to pleasure his boy without use of what would seem, to anyone who did not know the truth of the matter, his most obvious means of doing so.

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They stayed at Will’s house that night, talking and kissing, holding one another after a hot shower and making sure the dogs were all taken care of before they went to bed. They chatted and snuggled till they woke up again and realized they had fallen asleep in the middle of their sentences, unwilling for their first night together to end.

Yet it was a new day and they could talk, touch and kiss as much as they wanted. What a wonder, Hannibal marveled, enveloped by feelings which just would not become manageable

sensations, no matter how often it happened.

He couldn't stand to think of Will suffering another moment from his fever and told him to take the day off. A thorough examination by a talented neurologist who was absolutely not the nefarious Sutcliffe revealed the encephalitis, to Hannibal's immense relief and Will's sigh of "sure, of course it is. Oh, well."

"You shall have to stay here in the hospital for several days, dearest," Hannibal soothed, tucking Will into his little bed in the ward where he must be monitored by doctors and nurses. An IV of fluids and a second of medicine were already working their cures, but it would take three days at minimum to entirely recover him.

"Please come and see me a lot." Will had relaxed once again at Hannibal's steadying touch, accepting that he had to rest, more amicably than he normally would have.

They were taming each other, Hannibal reflected, yet only for each other. To anyone else, especially any potential nemesis, they had never been more deadly.

"I'm going home and I'm going to make you a real dinner, then bring it right over," Hannibal promised tenderly, leaning down to scent his darling and pet his perfect curls. Will watched him with trust, acceptance and amazement. "I'll also bring some good books and better blankets. They may try to tell me about visiting hours, but they don't know yet that we're more than friends. I think I'll be allowed to stay once I explain."

"You'd sleep here?" Will was surprised. "It's so tiny and stiff, uncomfortable, not enough room for two…um, you don't have to. I really understand."

"Would you be able to leave me alone overnight in a hospital?" Hannibal smiled, and Will shook his head.

"No, I couldn't," Will smiled. "Okay, then. And you can let the doctors know, the nurses on duty. That we're…so much more than friends."

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So much more than friends became more, and more, and more as the days passed. Soon the two men had moved in together, choosing Hannibal's house as the most accommodating and pleasant.

Will had brought all of his most treasured belongings, and the dogs had been accounted for by Hannibal's best attempts to create areas where they might dwell and play without destroying his exquisite decor.

It worked out well. Their love was nearly flawless. Will even listened to the entire story of Hannibal's life with nothing but caring and comfort, understanding and deepening love, even when the part about admitting that he was the Ripper came in.

"I knew it was you, I think," Will said as he held Hannibal with a tight embrace in their bed.

Hannibal closed his eyes, desperate relief flowing through him.

“I knew it was you,” Will whispered. Their eyes locked when Will’s tone of intensity made Hannibal open his again, mood shifting from dreamy to hard and lustful with only one look at Will’s expression.

His needy boy. Will descended on him with the sweetest, most beguiling and irresistible kisses. In his naive but quickly-learning way, he devised how to use the skills he was only used to giving his female lovers (Hannibal wished they would all burn in hell) to his male soulmate. In this way, Hannibal often found himself the nearly helpless recipient of Will’s indefatigable attempts to fully seduce him.

At first, it had been so easy to throw Will off the scent of his fear and final remaining secret before it had a chance to become more apparent.

They could kiss literally for hours, perfectly joyful in it, and sometimes they did that until they fell asleep. Hannibal was extremely good at oral sex, and made Will wild with pleasure, delirious with his tongue, his lips and fingers, sucking Will’s beautiful cock, lapping at his tight entrance while his cock throbbed for it, and to be seated deep in the velvety clutch that beckoned. He knew Will wanted him to do it, and he didn’t know how to begin explaining the situation which held him back.

So he kept kissing and using foreplay to wear Will out with orgasms and happiness until he was too sleepy to ask about making love “all the way.” Hannibal wondered if they might do so at some point with Will penetrating him instead of the reverse, but knew, even that would require Will to see his cock. They had to be naked, of course, either way, or nearly so…he considered every variable. He would love for Will to fuck him, and yet he knew, he understood from every cute little tell of his lover’s curious lust, Will much preferred to be the submissive in their sexual encounters.

Oh, he wanted to give Will exactly what he wanted, not something to settle for! What could he do?

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“Will,” Hannibal chided gently, guiding the boy’s hands away from his groin the next evening after dinner.

They were in the library, snuggled up with their books as the dogs napped on cushions across the room. A fire crackled with a warm and homey glow, and they were in their pajamas, Hannibal having dressed Will up in his own, as usual.

He looked so perfectly adorable and sexy in Hannibal’s oversized things, and it was all his lover could do not to pounce without holding back at all. And then Hannibal wondered why he tormented himself in such ways!

“Why do you keep doing that?” Will asked, baffled, pulling back with a slightly hurt expression. “Am I not touching you how you like to be touched? Just teach me, please. I wanna make you feel good, and…” he bit his lip, blushing. “I think I can, if you can be patient.”

Oh, good God! What an unforgivable wretch that deity was! To give him this "gift" of an overly large cock and make him have to resist his gorgeous boy in this way. It was torment beyond torment.

He kissed Will passionately, with a thousand unspoken apologies, and pinned him down, getting wilder in his affections, mouthing at Will's smooth, flat belly with the clear intention of tugging his underwear right out from under the borrowed red sweater.

Will had been moaning breathlessly, helpless to the older man's ministrations, but he managed to grab Hannibal's hand with a cry of, "Wait, wait, wait, fuck. God." He panted, needing to be fucked like he needed air.

Hannibal thought he might die from the excruciating twist of feeling in his heart and in his lustful body. "Are you tired?" he made himself ask gently.

"No, I'm not tired," Will said with one of those cute pouts he so excelled at concocting. "I want to…you know…I want to do that stuff for you this time. Just let me try it, I promise, I can practice until I'm really good. Let me…suck you?"

Hannibal nearly fainted.

"Why do you look so upset?" Will wrung his hands. He stood up and paced, flailing his arms in frustration. "I've been tearing my hair out trying to understand why this keeps happening. You're not being entirely honest with me, why? Is there something I've done wrong when we're intimate that makes you think I won't be able to do certain things right? Is it that I've only been with women in the past? I mean – I'm with you now. You."

Hannibal sighed. He sat up straight on the couch and gave Will a pained look. "I'm well-aware. I also know I have a lot to answer for."

"I love you." Will dropped to his knees, exhausted but not in body; in spirit.

He had to tell Will, Hannibal realized. Well, the time had come. It had to, eventually, try as he might to achieve perfect bliss without the revelation.

"Let me love you," Will begged with his head now on Hannibal's lap, nuzzling in that puppyish way he knew the older man couldn't resist.

Hannibal got hard fast within seconds of Will's most incidental touches. From the earliest days of their acquaintance he'd suffered the most inconvenient and difficult to dissuade erections on the subject, to the extent he'd stroked himself off in the men's room of the FBI or his own office on multiple occasions, merely because Will shook his hand, or their shoulders brushed, or Will patted his back in passing. He was so painfully hard now that he knew his explanation would not need much in the way of words.

"You're one hundred percent my dream come true, Will. You've never done anything wrong in my eyes, nor in my arms, and you never could."

He ran his fingers through the lovely curls, so soft and glossy, freshly clean from a bubble bath with Daddy washing him just right, shampooing those gorgeous locks.

“Then what’s wrong?’ Will asked, “I don’t want to beg for your…this is so absurd.” He propped his chin on Hannibal’s thigh and sighed, “I don’t want to beg for your dick…”

He buried his face shyly. He was still too bashful to look at Hannibal’s rock-hard member standing out beneath the pants, inches from his beautiful face. Otherwise, Hannibal expected he would have been hushed up for a while at the sight.

“I sound so dumb,” Will lamented. “I don’t know how to say this, but I really want, very badly, I want you to–”

“I can’t,” Hannibal said miserably. His fingers tightened on Will’s hair in anguish. “There’s nothing I want more! I love you desperately. The only desire I have is to pleasure you and take my deepest pleasure inside you, darling. I love you, so much more than you even realize. Look, please, simply look, and perhaps I won’t need to elaborate much more.”

Will lifted his face in confusion and let his eyes fall more boldly to the hard cock so nearby. He was definitely surprised, but didn’t pull away.

He stared in amazed shock at the hugeness of the cock that caused Hannibal such struggles, the hard erection quite obviously twitching and making his pants wet. The older man wanted to be inside Will so badly that he could scarcely control himself, and his cock would not hear reason.

“Do you mean because you’re big?”

“I’m more than big,” Hannibal lamented.

His voice was unusually flat, and even in all his sadness and worry, he still couldn’t help but feel aroused at Will’s nearness and desire.

“I’ll hurt you,” he fretted, “I’ll let you down. I can’t make you feel what I want to make you feel, and instead, I might tear you, or at least fail to provide bliss in measure even equal to the discomfort. I have always had this problem, since my teenage years, though it has never plagued me this badly, and I’m lost without a solution.”

“What’s the problem? If you hurt me, you hurt me, it doesn’t matter…I want you as much a part of me as you can possibly be, and, well, to make you feel pleasure. I want you to be inside me and fucking me until you come, because you deserve to feel what you want, and that makes me happy, or it will, if you can stop being so afraid. I don’t mind. I’m more… impressed, if anything.”

“It isn’t impressive,” Hannibal sniffed, mortified to realize he was in danger of crying. He arranged his features in a noble look of resignation.

Will didn’t buy it. “Hannibal,” he smiled, his kindness like a hand shoving the knife deeper into his lover’s heart. “Yes, it is.”

Will glanced from Hannibal's conflicted face to the rigid erection still poking up insistently.

"It's beautiful. You're sexy." He kissed Hannibal's thigh through his pants, then his other one, and sighed, "I love you," the words of affirmation calming the older man. "Daddy, please trust me."

"I trust you, I don't trust myself." How to explain. Hannibal tried his best. "Will, if I ever…if I am even an inch inside you, I don't trust myself not to lose control. I could truly hurt you very badly."

"To think you used to plot and scheme to defeat my investigative prowess," Will teased gently, "And now, you're so afraid to hurt me that you're ready to sacrifice your own–"

"When I schemed in such ways…I was wrong not to know immediately my defenses against loving you were useless," Hannibal interrupted, even though it was rude.

Will let it go, listening to him intently.

"From the second I fully gave into my feelings, the foremost priority in my presence as a living being has been to provide for you, to protect you and give you everything you could ever desire, not to cause you such immense pain that you might well…look back on our attempted lovemaking with…regret."

"Never," Will said softly.

He didn't fly off the handle, wouldn't allow himself the luxury of that, which once would have been his defense mechanism. The old Will Graham would have turned this into something that had to be his fault or else given up, dejected. Thinking he didn't deserve pleasure like that anyway.

"You changed me, too. I've had to learn to accept happiness, too. I know it's not easy," Will assured him. He sat beside Hannibal again, retrieving the books he'd accidentally knocked over in the heat of his earlier outburst.

And Hannibal slipped his hand into Will's with a warm squeeze, bowing his head, almost in deference. "Will. I am ashamed. It is…embarrassing. Can you understand that?"

"Yes, of course. As long as you know that I think you're nothing but perfect and beautiful. I'll wait for you, okay? I promise."

Hannibal nodded, unable to form words. He'd never told anyone about his insecure feelings with regard to his…abnormality. He was still a bit red in the face, his heart comforted but his body and mind otherwise disheveled with that same shame and fear.

"Thank you, Will. There is also the matter of my Cowper's gland. I am sorry to say that…" He sighed, how embarrassing, why must…

"You get really wet when you're turned on, and you can't control it when I'm close to you." Will smiled and hugged him close. "I can smell it, I can see it. I like it."

“You can’t like it.” Now Hannibal was just being stubborn.

“I can think it’s sexy even if you don’t. You have plenty of favorite things about me that I think are nothing worth the attention. Um, what about my stupid glasses?”

“They aren’t stupid at all, just look at your sweet face. You look perfect with those glasses. Or without.”

“Exactly. And all this stuff you’re always going off about, you know, about my face and my hair and my body and how…angels could never compare, and…” Will blushed, “I can’t agree with that. I’m awkward, Hannibal, I’ve never been all that forward sexually, and definitely not in the world of dating. This is my first real relationship, and I don’t regret that. I waited a long time for you.”

“You feel awkward to yourself,” Hannibal corrected him, kissing his forehead. His hand tightened on Will’s waist. He could feel the scrumptious, incomparable body in his arms and still couldn’t control his own desire and arousal. “You are beautiful to me.”

“Now, you see?” Will smiled, “You do understand how I feel.”

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Will had agreed to wait and he did. That night, he dropped the subject. They read their books, kissed and cuddled, then slept together peacefully, never leaving each other’s embrace except to get up for some quick reason like the bathroom or a drink of water. Then they were back in bed again and clinging ever tighter; this was simply how they were.

Will had assumed Hannibal would have a big cock, since the first few times he’d realized how sexually attracted he was to his then-therapist. Simply because well. Okay, so it had nothing to do with height. Everyone knew that. Or how broad your shoulders were. If you had massive, deadly hands. If…okay. Fine. So, stereotypical reasons had made Will assume Hannibal had to have a ginormous cock. Sue him, he guessed, talking to himself in his head as if facing a jury. A habit of the neurotic.

Since he woke up on a Saturday with Hannibal’s ever-dignified royal face smushed royally into his chest with loud snores, Will had been pondering the matter, in between hugging Hannibal and kissing his forehead. Will’s toes wiggled in happiness at how the older man looked so silly with his mouth hanging open, drooling on Will, and he’d never seen anything that made him that purely joyful. He loved Hannibal with all his heart and soul, and his body, too.

Will himself was quite well-endowed, and he didn’t have to go on his own word, despite having of course measured himself as a teenager. He was above average, and still his cock was almost average sized compared with Hannibal’s…extra…extra…extra large endowment.

Now that Will knew about it and wouldn’t be quite so startled, Hannibal had let go of the weird habit he used to have of never snuggling up close to Will at that specific angle so that his groin might brush Will’s hip or ass. He let it happen now, and oh, God, it was really

dangerous to want that inside him, Will knew it, knew Hannibal's fears of hurting him were hardly baseless.

Yet in the morning when he felt Hannibal's warm, powerful body wrapped snugly and securely around him, the older man's arm and even his leg flung over his body as if he thought Will might disappear while they were sleeping, and when he felt warm lips on his neck as the older man stirred awake, Will also felt a big, solid nudge of a cock against his ass, and it was driving him slowly insane.

Here was Hannibal thinking it was going to scare Will, but all it did was make his mouth water. Will had long suspected he might be bisexual, but Hannibal was the first and only lover who made him realize just how very, very gay he could be in the right circumstances.

He could really get hurt, no matter how careful Hannibal was while fucking him.

But he wanted. Hannibal. *Inside him.* More than ever.

Not more than if he'd been regular sized or whatever; it was Hannibal and that's what mattered. Will wanted him for every trait, and he wanted the two of them completely bonded, physically the closest they could be, actually merged.

Still…the extra extra large thing was a turn-on. How was he supposed to know, until confronted with the possibility so directly, that he wanted to be fucked in his mouth and ass by…ginormous…ness?

Will had never been with a man before, but in the case of their love, it was just as accurate to say he'd never been with anyone, not anyone that mattered by comparison. And he did want to get fucked hard with that huge, gorgeous cock that Hannibal was so self-conscious, even self-hating about.

The question was how to respectfully unravel Hannibal's defenses. Will was no fool. He knew perfectly well that waking his man up with a blow job would only get him in trouble, as he'd been warned so severely by Hannibal.

Startling Hannibal and making him stop the very pleasure he had so long denied himself from Will's eager lips and tongue would be downright mean. No, he had to ease them into this, together. Truthfully and sensitively.

So, he calmly waited until it was reading time again. They were fond of their routine, which had cut into Will's previously heavy working schedule. Ever since moving in with Hannibal, Will had become more and more estranged from his job until he simply consulted when he felt like it, and cut his courses down to just one per semester.

Hannibal was wealthy; he was Lithuanian aristocracy, and loved spoiling his American curly-haired disaster boy for some reason. It made Will giddy to think of it. He was happy to let Hannibal spoil him, pay all the bills, buy him more presents than anyone needed, take care of him with such excessive luxury. How could he say no to that?

He settled into one of his usual, favorite positions, on the floor between Hannibal's legs, back to the couch, face resting on his lover's leg while Hannibal ran his fingers slowly through Will's curls.

The classical music and flicker of the fireplace, the softness of the low lamp lighting, everything felt like an ambience primed for seduction.

He kissed Hannibal's leg and caressed it casually at first. Hannibal looked down on him with a fond smile of interest, brows raised while his book slightly lowered to reveal his handsome face with reading glasses that only made Will, unbelievably enough, even hornier than horny level five thousand, his starting point when it came to Daddy.

This little show of affection was usually a coquettish, shy indication on Will's part that he desired the evening to take an intimate turn, but this time when Hannibal did the usual, Will did something different and new.

Hannibal's "usual" response to a horny Will was to set the book quickly aside and pull Will up onto his lap so he could then kiss him into a stupor before sucking him off, always sure to give him at least two orgasms, one from the blow job and the other from slowly finger-fucking his hole. By then, Will would be rag-doll weak, tearfully smiling and blathering soft cries of "Daddy," "thank you," "love you," "so good," et cetera. until he not-so-mysteriously fell asleep from pure sexual exhaustion.

To prevent this type of seduction and satiation, which he did love but which Will needed to slightly vary in order to take them deeper into their bond as a couple and satisfy their needs, he asked with quiet care, "Would you be willing…if you would like for me to suck you, Daddy, I would like to try. And I promise to stop if it hurts me. Couldn't I at least try a little bit? Please?"

Hannibal groaned with arousal; his pants had already been tented when Will started touching him in that certain way that always led to sex. Now he was so hard and needy, and it had been so long since he'd had any attention for himself in this area, Will could see he was barely hanging on.

And Will had called him "Daddy," the coup de gras that won the evening.

"Will," Hannibal sighed, "Baby, you know I want it. But, please don't tempt me. I'm too…"

Will leaned up and kissed his lips sweetly. "You're not too anything for me. For me, you're absolutely perfect in every detail. Sit back, relax, okay? Since I'm going to go slowly, we can chat about it in the meantime, okay?"

He tugged Hannibal's pajama pants down and off, getting hard at the sight of Hannibal's unbearable, tormented neediness. The older man was at the very edge of his restraint, one hand pressed to his own sweaty brow, the other grabbing Will's hair in a panic.

"Oh, sweetheart, I don't want to hurt you. Can't you understand?"

“Do you want this, Daddy?” Will smiled and leaned in, scenting the musky heat of Hannibal’s cock through his black underwear, then just kissing him, amazed at how long it actually took him to press kisses all the way up and down the rigid dick.

He was already high on the experience. His senses were singing at every wanton moan and tug on his hair that he evoked with his innocent lips and tongue. He loved everything, from the hugeness to the wet spot on the underwear screaming of Hannibal’s worshipful lust for his boy.

“Of course I want it, baby, but please be careful…”

Hannibal was lost in a state of pleasure that made him seem to be in terrible pain. He kept trembling and deeply groaning at every kiss and then Will licking delicately at him, still through the now slick, sticky fabric of the silky-soft underwear.

“Daddy, I’ve been thinking about how to make this comfortable for us both. And I’m going to be very careful so you can put your mind at ease. I want you to surrender. And maybe, if this goes well, you’d think about being inside me the other way next time?”

Hannibal tipped over the edge into abandonment at last and nodded desperately, his hair falling into his eyes, “Yes, Will, that would be so…I want you. My beautiful, precious, perfect boy, I want to fuck you, so very much, all of the time. You’re all I think about.”

“Perfect. We agree on that. Well, both: one, that we can try this and then if it goes well, you will fuck me next time. And second, being the only subject on each other’s mind, which I love.”

“I can try to fuck you next time, baby, but I can’t promise you’d feel good…or that I’d be able to…”

“Let me worry about that for once. Lean back. Relax your body, close your eyes.”

Hannibal took a few deep breaths but his chest moved faster when Will pulled his underwear down, the soaked fabric peeling away to reveal a stunningly enormous cock.

Will sucked in a breath, head swimming with even greater arousal. How was he that huge and yet perfectly shaped, and how could Will hold back? He wanted that cock in him, in every possible way, position, angle, game, role…everything sexual that existed and maybe making up new ways, too.

“Wow, you really weren’t exaggerating.” Will tentatively put his hand on the slick, hard, hot cock and gently stroked, copying what he did to himself when he jerked off.

For the oral technique, he’d done some porn research, but really the best reference had been to think of what he liked and try to do it to Hannibal. So that’s mostly what he did.

He kissed the tip and stroked just a bit more firmly, enjoying himself almost as much as Hannibal did. And Hannibal was more than halfway out of his mind, struggling already to

control his hip movements, shaking with the effort, murmuring swears and Will's name. His toes curled on the rug.

Will knew he was doing something right and it made him smile. He could show his Daddy, make Daddy proud.

He wanted to make Hannibal feel so much pleasure – he could barely think of anything else. He didn't need to think about anything else at the moment.

"You know," Will said, stroking with his firm grip, kissing the head of the huge erection again before he licked, just a few times and softly, making Hannibal throw his head back and bite his lip so hard that when he lowered his gaze again to look down at his boy at work, his lip was bleeding.

"You know," Will continued, "I've watched some internet porn, done research and everything, to learn how to please you."

He proceeded to open up and slide Hannibal inside his hot, wet, tight mouth with a moan of immediate pleasure. Ah, finally, God! Hannibal was so enormous that only a few inches of thick, solid manhood even fit into Will's small, straining mouth. His jaw was fucking killing him, and he was on cloud nine.

"Mmmm," he moaned again, moving his head back and forth.

"Will, oh God," Hannibal gasped. His fingers tightened even more in the soft curls he clung to for dear life. His legs shook even harder.

"Feel good, Daddy?" Will knew how to play this, yet it was also a genuine response. His own proclivities fit right into Hannibal's preferences and deepest desires like a lock made only to hold one particular key.

So he batted his dark, long lashes and licked his lips. He'd already had to swallow a mouthful of bitter precum, the unfamiliar, sinful taste making him harder, though he held back from touching himself.

His focus was Hannibal, this was about making his lover feel good; Will could wait, and enjoyed a bit of edging anyway. Back when he'd been the only sexual partner he had (which was most years since he was a teen), this had been a favorite pastime on lonely nights.

Now he wasn't alone, and never would be again. Imagine, Hannibal thinking even for a moment that there was anything he could have on his body or anything he could say or do to drive his boy away. Will was about to prove just how devoted he was. He didn't want his Daddy to doubt it or worry, ever again.

"Yes, baby." Hannibal's brow furrowed and he sucked on his bloody lip before biting it again in a confused attempt at self-control, a battle he was losing. He was gleaming with sweat, never having looked more handsome. "Will, yes, oh…h-how I love your pretty mouth. I've thought about this so – so many times…you're doing incredibly well, I'm so proud of my good boy…"

That was all Will had to hear. Hannibal's praise always made him delirious. He went back to sucking, this time managing to get another inch or so into his mouth, quickening the tempo and tightness of his lips wrapped around the big, intimidating cock, trying out a faster and harder bobbing motion.

He did his best to remember, *breathe through your nose, and don't panic.*

Despite obviously wanting to and fighting the instinct with all his considerable might, Hannibal was not yet fucking Will's mouth; he was only remaining passive and letting Will suck and lick at him, then pump his dick with his hand while letting out ragged, recovering breaths, trying subtly to open and close his mouth to ease the corners of his lips and the ache in his jaw.

Still, even without Hannibal driving in more deliberately to deep throat him, which, to Will's delighted terror, Hannibal really could have done with about half the length of his cock, it was way too much to fit. Will could barely do it, but nothing could stop him now.

Hannibal was gigantic, and he had gotten even harder, his cock twitching in a spasm of constant bliss on Will's tongue as the younger man's head bobbed back and forth, up and down, learning as he went. Several times he gagged or just dug his fingers into Hannibal's thigh to deal with the harsh sensation of breathlessness and stretch in his mouth and face from the foreplay.

Hannibal could no longer put Will's comfort above his own pleasure. He was now not only sweaty and shaking, but allowing his hips, barely, to start shifting rhythmically upwards. Yes, yes! Will was euphoric; he had wanted this to happen. Now, to take it further.

His hair was a disaster from Hannibal's panicked tugs, though he never pulled any out because even in this wildness he treasured and adored the soft curls too much. Still, he was a mess and Will was, too.

Hannibal, breathless, chest heaving with failing self-control and erotic need, had slipped open his robe. Shirtless underneath, now showing off his broad, sweaty, hairy chest and his adorably soft tummy, Hannibal was touching his nipples, pinching and twisting them in a way that obviously increased his overwhelming sensations.

Will's face was fire engine red and his jaw screaming with pain by now. He couldn't stop, didn't want to, wouldn't. He only stopped for long enough to ask, with big, innocent, tear-filled sapphire eyes, in a raspy voice, "Daddy, would you like to fuck my little mouth?"

"Will," Hannibal scolded, "Have mercy on me!"

No way. "Aw, Daddy, c'mon, you know you want to. I was made for you to fuck and love. Just look at me."

More batting lashes, a flirtatious smile, lips dripping with saliva and precum, eyes full of love.

Hannibal surrendered almost entirely at that; it was beautiful to watch, even better to feel it in all its frightening intensity. Will was ecstatic.

“Yes,” Hannibal cried out hoarsely, sitting up, then arching his lower body towards Will to start pumping in and out at his own chosen depth and speed, “You were made for me, and you want me to use you, don’t you, baby, hmm?”

“Mmmmhmmm,” Will smirked, to whatever extent he could convey such an expression with a mouthful and then fuller of so much hot, thick cock, more precum slipping right down his throat. His own dick was throbbing relentlessly, left neglected. That only made him hornier, too. God, this was good.

It might have been the lift of his eyebrows, despite the sounds of uncontrollable pain as Hannibal fucked his mouth harder with ragged gasps of “take it, baby, that’s a good boy, look how well you’re doing – how much you please Daddy – open just a little wider for Daddy now, baby boy…”

Every word was a gasped out, deep-voiced cry. Will thought for a moment he might come just from everything Hannibal was doing, every detail of him in the throes of pleasure, a pleasure he’d been afraid to indulge.

So Will opened up wider.

The way Hannibal fucked his mouth was obscene, then; his eyes were dark and hard with passionate lust fixated only on the boy so obediently positioned below him, offered for the taking. He grabbed Will’s face in both hands and held him where he wanted him. And he slid his cock in and out over and over until he started doing it in fast little jabs, and then Will, as his heart raced, knew he must be close.

Of course, it was extremely difficult to take this fucking from Hannibal, yet in all the pain and exertion, with tears streaming down his reddened face and the ache in his jaw, in his lips increasing, this was what Will wanted.

He had longed to see Hannibal undone with pleasure, and he wanted to be the one giving it. This man lit up his whole life and saved him, introduced him to his own true self. Was he perfect? Did he have above-board intentions towards Will from the beginning? No. But even in his worst moments, there was never one, not even one moment it hadn’t been all about Will.

Hannibal thought of him constantly, as often as his heart beat, and it was mutual. They understood one another; they fit together. It didn’t have to be easy, although so many parts of their life as a couple were seamless. Sex was going to be complicated, but God was it hot, it was so hot –

“Will, do you want me to – I’m about to –” Hannibal shook his head; he couldn’t slow his thrusts; the most he’d been able to do was not to fuck in all the way; at most he’d still only given Will less than half of his full length. He couldn’t speak in the throes of such pleasure, so Will pulled off his mouth but never stopped stroking, so Hannibal’s building tempo of

bliss remained on track. “You can come in my mouth, Daddy,” he blurted earnestly, quickly, “I want it.”

Then he got right back to sucking and loudly slurping while Hannibal thrust into his mouth with his moans and curses getting louder than Will had ever heard him, and quickly turned totally incoherent. He was only getting out ragged shouts now, and then it was time–

Will moaned and squeezed his own cock to keep himself from coming right there when Hannibal came in his mouth with a gush that was too much for him to swallow along with the surprise of doing this for the first time.

It didn’t taste either good or terrible; it was definitely bitter like the precum, but a little thicker. Still, to Will it couldn’t have been a higher compliment and treat. A gift from Daddy, coming right in his boy’s mouth. And a gift he had wanted to give Hannibal.

Hannibal withdrew from Will’s swollen lips with a shiver of sensitive, ecstatic afterglow. He looked concerned the moment he came down enough, though not fully, to really notice what was going on beyond the way Will had made his body feel.

“Darling.” Hannibal fell to his knees, level with Will and examined him worriedly, “It was too much…it hurt you, didn’t it? You should have stopped me; I could have stopped, but I was so selfish.”

He folded his sex-addled boy into his big, strong, sweaty arms and Will sighed blissfully.

“I didn’t want you to stop. I almost came just from making you come. It was perfect – it made me so happy. I want to see you like that every day, overwhelmed with how I can make you feel and how I can make you come.”

Will’s voice was worn out, mostly from the work his mouth had done, since he hadn’t had the work-out for his virgin throat which would certainly follow if Hannibal even got halfway in during a future encounter. He was dizzy anyway; the foreplay had been laborious beyond what he’d expected, and he’d expected it to be a challenge.

Yet it was the best, most wonderful challenge he’d ever discovered. He nuzzled into Hannibal’s chest and sighed, “I just want to make you come.”

And then Hannibal was picking him up all of a sudden and laying him on the couch before hovering over him in astonishment, letting some of his body weight press onto the younger man’s trembling form. Will was a strong man himself and could certainly take it, though if Hannibal outright crashed down with all his weight it would inevitably knock the wind out of him for a minute. But this was really, really nice.

He felt so loved and warm and protected, and Daddy was kissing him all over his face and his neck, and then telling him he was so proud of his good boy, the best boy in the whole world.

Wrapping his arms happily around Hannibal, he returned the kisses in his own lazy, tired way, but jolted slightly with a shock of pleasure when the older man wrapped a hand around his thus-far untouched cock.

“Oh! God, that feels good, oh, I love your hands.” Will squeezed his eyes shut, overcome with rapture at the feeling. Hannibal’s beautiful, big hand stroking him, nice and firm and knowing with his movements.

“I want you to come for me, sweetheart, and I want you to come hard. Do you know,” he said in a gritty voice with wildfire still blazing in his amber eyes, “That I have never come that hard in my life before? I’m not a young man, Will. You have completely undone me. Allow me to return the favor.”

Will did know consciously that he was a man in his late thirties and quite the formidable one as well, muscular, fit and agile, good in a fight just like his lover. But right now, he felt the way Hannibal made him feel, and then it was alright that he didn’t need to be everyone else’s savior at his own expense. He didn’t need to work that hard and make himself sicker, and he didn’t need to be mature and logical and responsible every second of the day and night.

With Hannibal, he could really let go. His lover was stroking his cock and easing two lubed fingers into him at the same time, lighting his body up from head to toe. Everything felt electric and sensitive and everything was gathering tightly at his core before warmly, perfectly building, building…he stared up at Hannibal.

Will felt small and helpless and dependent, because it was okay to feel this and to lean on Hannibal if he needed it, and he did. He felt tiny, vulnerable and safe – so very safe.

These were still unfamiliar feelings, but they were precious. He submitted to Hannibal’s every beautifully wicked whim designed to pull him apart with erotic delight, and he felt the solid, calculated, yet passionate, firm glide of the big fingers hitting the exact right spot again and again, and it was way too much to also have Hannibal stroking his cock, but when he came, it was with this fierce, slamming sensation as if Hannibal managed to set off both forms of orgasm at once.

Maybe he just confused Will’s fragile-feeling body with so much pleasure in both key areas that it didn’t know which to favor and simply blossomed all over with bone-deep, white-hot bliss.

“That’s it, sweet baby boy, give it to Daddy,” Hannibal said, adoring and deeply admiring, seeing Will come hard on and into his hands, the profiler’s entire body seizing up with sharp pleasure that made him cry with something like anguished inability to contain it and take it without bursting into flames or burning alive where he lay.

“Alright, sweetheart, come to Daddy now, what a good boy. Let me look after you. Wasn’t that a nice last treat for the night?”

Will nodded, barely awake, and relaxed into Hannibal’s comforting, warm hug when he was scooped up into it as if he was really as light as he felt.

“Feel so good,” he cried, tears landing on Hannibal’s still flushed and sweaty, golden-tanned skin. “So good…”

“Shhh…that’s a good boy, Will, so nice, you’re so very lovely and perfect…” His voice was a lullabye without him needing to sing or read him a bedtime story. Sometimes he did those things for Will, but right then they just needed an embrace and Will wanted nothing else but that deep, rumbling sound of Hannibal’s silky, sensuous accent.

He also knew that Hannibal was equally, if not more, wrung dry with the over-abundance of joy they gave to each other’s bodies, now sated and clinging in that same, ever-possessive way that was simply *them.*

“I did good for my first time,” Will mumbled as Daddy gathered him carefully in his arms.

He was vaguely aware that although he was really too heavy and grown and it was silly, Daddy was carrying him into the bedroom. And he felt like he was floating in a dream, yet entirely anchored, warm, content, safer than ever.

“You did…I don’t think I even have the words,” said Hannibal with a husky laugh. He cleaned them both with his usual neat attentiveness and then tucked Will in, making the covers just right before joining him. “Words don’t normally fail me. Perhaps that is more indicative of the truth than any profession in words that could not even approximate how you made me feel.”

He spooned Will tenderly from behind, smelling his hair, kissing his head, wrapping him in his tight, claiming hug. His heart pounded against Will’s back, and also…

“You…you’re still hard,” Will swallowed, shocked, even in his sleepy state. He was much too exhausted to do a damn thing about it, but boy was he thinking about the damn things he’d like to do at his next opportunity. He’d definitely need sleep and a few square meals before that happened, and yet he could hardly wait.

He looked forward to it all: the morning together, their breakfast, coffee and coy smiles.

Texts all day long when they were at work, or if Hannibal had a few appointments but it was Will’s day off, he’d dress in Daddy’s oversized shirt and lounge about while texting ever more naughty things to drive his lover mad.

A reunion of kisses, hugs and descriptions of their days as they made dinner, or perhaps enacted a hunt first before Hannibal cooked with the fresh meat of their righteous kill. A bath or shower together, Hannibal always doting on him, never, ever tiring or getting bored even when Will held his breath sometime, thinking any minute now, it would happen. He assumed he was ordinary, aside from his instability and dark impulses, but Hannibal saw in him someone entirely different.

Hannibal just couldn’t stop smiling and gazing, laughing, talking or stealing kisses and touches, teasing Will as much as he was teased. The sophisticated doctor he’d once feared was out of his league, instead was so excited all the time just to be with Will.

The older man chuckled again. “Yes, my dear.” He kissed Will’s cheek and ear, then snuggled in prepared to sleep, a deep one, Will bet, full of gorgeous dreams.

“I’m far too tired…” he yawned, “To wish any resolution of the matter at present. I often do remain erect for quite some time even after finishing, but particularly since meeting you, it’s been more of a problem. So to speak. I don’t mind. I can’t blame my body for paying tribute to you in this way. At the moment, part of me sinks into quiet and the deep, smooth silence of slumber and the rest is still ever-eager to have you, and to have you…it’s a wonder I’m ever not in this state.”

He tucked his face into Will’s shoulder and kissed his scar. It was obvious he’d be snoring any second now, lulling Will to sleep with the soothing, monotonous dependability of it. The nerdy fact of Hannibal’s little human frailties made him even more full of love for the man. These were secrets, only for Will to know and keep in his heart.

“Then I think, since we had such a promising beginning, we could try again tomorrow, maybe even going further?” Will meant to say it confidently, but another yawn and a natural feeling of soft submission to Daddy had it coming out a meek request.

“Oh, Will.” Hannibal smiled and kissed his neck, “As if I could deny you anything you might want or need. I merely remind you, we must be exceedingly careful. Now, get some sleep, darling, you know…” he yawned, “How I feel about your sleep. You need your rest, my love.”

“Okay, you’re right, Daddy. Nite nite.”

He smiled and it hurt because of how tired his mouth and jaw were. He was entirely happy and so thrilled that it was strange how easy sleep came to him. Even as he slipped into it with trusting security in Hannibal’s arms, Will could feel the older man’s cock rigidly pressing against him, still hard as ever. It defied belief, but there it was, really and truly. Hannibal didn’t even express surprise or alarm, since he had gotten used to ignoring his lingering hardness.

Will, however, couldn’t help fantasizing about tomorrow.

Every single inch of Hannibal was all for him, all that heavy, throbbing, dripping cock that made him ache to be taken over. All his. And he’d have more of it soon…

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Thanks to DeadbeatNymph for some inspo in the comments that went into one scene in this chapter 🍑👋😉

“Will?” Hannibal pursed his lips and leveled the younger man with an exasperated look. “May I help you, darling?”

“Oh, who, me?” Will ‘yawned’ and continued to hover in the doorway to the kitchen while Hannibal stirred a pot of sauce on the stove and struggled to do this small task properly.

The sight of Will was distracting him, causing Will to feel a small burst of victorious glee. Will had been trying to ease them along to a night of full love-making ever since the first time he’d sucked Hannibal off, an experience that left him with a lingering euphoria even a week later.

Since that night, Will had found Hannibal slightly less inhibited sexually (at least, where his own pleasure was concerned; he had never been shy about pleasuring Will to excess).

On one morning, Hannibal had allowed Will to give him a hand job in bed while they were both still sleepy. Will never had his hand wrapped around anything so big, warm and perfect, the skin hot, silky yet rock solid. He loved how the merest touch from him, accompanied by his sweet, teasing kisses before Hannibal growled and licked harder into his mouth, could make the older man nearly insane with lust.

All that pre-cum sliding down Daddy’s huge cock made it even easier for Will to get used to jerking someone else off instead of just himself. It had been only about a minute before Hannibal shuddered as he released all over the sheets Will had reached under.

Will dove down eagerly, licking up the cum and lavishing his tongue all over Hannibal’s dick, hoping he’d get even more, since if Hannibal fucked into his offered mouth, it would extend the throes of his orgasm deliciously.

Instead, Hannibal just petted through Will’s hair and praised him in ragged tones, shivering, then cursing when Will lapped and licked; before the younger man could start sucking in earnest, he was pulled up and into a rough kiss, then turned onto his back. Once Hannibal had Will like that, there was nothing the profiler could do to avoid the therapist taking him apart expertly with several orgasms that would leave him silent and nearly immobile.

The old tricks were back again! And they worked for a reason. Nobody in their right mind would turn away from the deliriously intense pleasure Hannibal offered Will for nothing

more than existing. The temptation and the older man's quick habit of using it to his advantage, being annoyingly selfless, were equally strong.

Will had to get creative, or they might get stuck on the current page, where he was given slightly more liberty in touching and licking, but stopped before he could really go to town.

So, he'd tried various ideas, such as skimpy pajamas and extra forward advances, only to be rebuffed with "I have a headache," while Hannibal looked like he was in terrible misery from denying him, or the classic orgasm-defeat method. Will was embarrassed how easy it was for Hannibal to cancel out his own pleasure and Will's desire for their greater intimacy, and had to "fight back" more aggressively.

It was for Hannibal's own good. He could not be allowed to keep going like this, wanting Will but never taking him, denying them both with an understandable but by now infuriating attempt to "protect" Will from the very thing he wanted most!

Will watched Hannibal as the older man turned down the heat on the stove before the pot bubbled over and then gave him a stern look before sighing.

"Are you simply going to stand there, my love, or –"

"No," Will smiled "innocently." "I just came in to grab a nice, cold glass of milk, Daddy."

Ah, yes, 'Daddy,' his secret weapon. Hannibal, in his polished suit with no jacket, the waistcoat over his smooth shirt making him look unbelievably sexy, seemed taken aback by Will's attire and behavior. He also looked like he wanted to scold Will for his antics, which was not a bad option so far as his lover was concerned.

Will had on a pair of white boxers that were almost completely see-through, and nothing else except for one of Hannibal's expensive, luxurious black designer blazers. The shoulders of the jacket were boxy on Will and hung off his body in a way that drew more attention to the mostly-naked body it entirely failed to conceal.

The boxers were worn low on Will's hips, so low that Hannibal could see the "v" lines and soft, subtle trail of dark hair leading down to his barely-covered, half-hard cock. He watched the more subtle excitement rising before his eyes, as his own stern look made Will become fully hard with a low moan.

Sighing as he walked to the fridge, Will flipped one side of the jacket back and tugged his boxers' waistband even lower while murmuring, "I have such an itch right there," making a show of supposedly scratching the itch while Hannibal gripped the counter, unable to stop looking at him.

Will took out the carton of fresh milk and poured himself a glass. Smiling with bubbly and boyish charm, he began to drink it in greedy gulps, of course letting a few drops slide down his lips and chin to drip onto his upper body.

Hannibal was on him in seconds, grabbing the empty glass and setting it on the counter at the same time he backed Will against it with a wicked snarl.

“Must you keep pushing me like this, Will? You’re being dreadfully naughty. I told you,” he insisted, nonetheless groping Will’s ass the whole time, “That I would inform you when I felt ready to take our amorous encounters further.”

“Our amorous encounters, Daddy?” Will batted his eyelashes, gasping and sighing with every rougher grope of his soft little ass in Hannibal’s feverish grip, “You mean *fucking*?”

Hannibal growled and kissed Will, lapping the milk impatiently from the corners of his mouth, licking it off his stubbled chin, grabbing his face in both hands to devour him with harder kisses. He was mad and it tasted, *felt* so amazing, Will could get addicted. Maybe he already was.

“I want the real you, not your manners,” he insisted, tugging petulantly at Hannibal’s shirtfront, “Not your protection if it’s from you. I want your passion, and I will do what I have to, to get it. You won’t dissuade me, Dr. Lecter.”

“Is that so?” Hannibal grabbed Will’s hair with a harsh tug and shoved their bodies together. He ground his shockingly enormous hard-on against Will’s own aching cock, then the boy’s hips and thighs, licking a wide, hot stripe up from Will’s long, stretched-back and offered neck, to his jaw.

“I’m dangerous to you,” he snarled in Will’s ear, voice low and wild. “I’ve had to take lovers to the emergency room, I’ve had them cease all contact with me, I’ve had them cry from unpleasant pain and heard them express disdain for my copious pre-ejaculate problem, and you are asking me to give you everything that has only ever caused me rejection, embarrassment or regret. Monster that I am, it has never been my desire to harm or give discomfort to my lovers, and I never gave a damn about anyone the way I do for you. I love you, and I must protect you. We have to take this at my pace. Why must you play with fire, William?”

Will wasn’t unaffected by the speech, even in his arousal, even as he triumphed in getting a rise out of Hannibal. But there was no turning back from his plan now; he knew this was what they needed. Left to Hannibal’s “pace,” they might not really fuck for years.

“Because I want to get burned,” he smiled tearfully, overcome with love and desire. “Those others couldn’t take you because they weren’t me. I can handle it. I can take every goddamn inch of *this*…” he cupped Hannibal’s erection boldly, finding the man’s pants already moist with precum. “Inside my tight, young little body and clench down on you so good that you lose your mind. You’ll forget everything else but what that feels like, and you’ll fuck me until you lose all control, and then you’ll leave every drop of your cum deep inside me, if you know what’s good for you. *I’m* good for you.”

With a growl that was closer to a roar, Hannibal pushed Will to his knees and undid his own belt, then his elegant trousers before dropping them to expose his dripping, reddened, fully engorged cock to Will’s delighted, unchastened gaze.

“Is that so?” Hannibal demanded heatedly, angry, ridiculously turned on, and Will grinned.

“You fucking know it is, Daddy, so take what’s yours.”

“I thought I’d been clear with you on my rules regarding language, boy,” Hannibal glowered, “Open up.”

Will had intentionally poured more expletives than usual into his already bawdy invitations, knowing the slight edge of rudeness and bad behavior would enrage his Daddy.

It pushed him just that rest of the way past his usual polite restraint, and when Will opened his mouth with a coquettish batting of lashes, Hannibal shoved his cock in, keeping to shallow thrusts, not pushing it deep enough to choke Will. But even with this remaining caution, Hannibal immediately started losing his mind, as if just the feeling of Will’s mouth, his lips and tongue, on his sensitive, long-neglected cock was more than enough to get him everywhere he needed to go.

This was a promising step back in the right direction. Will took everything he was given with enthusiasm, slurping, sucking, licking, then stopping to let Hannibal take the lead and plunge in deeper, just a little.

Will’s mouth and jaw started hurting like last time, a sign he was doing this right, and Hannibal tasted unbelievable, filled him perfectly, overwhelmed him the way he wanted. Blocked out every worry or concern he had other than this very moment of having Daddy use his mouth just as he pleased.

“You’ve been a naughty boy,” Hannibal gasped, fucking Will’s mouth with a hand on the back of his head grabbing and twisting brunette curls, drool spilling down Will’s chin as loud choking noises now came from his helpless throat. “Very naughty and – indecent – and now – you’ll – pay —”

He “punished” Will by roughly thrusting in until he hit the back of his throat with less than half his length several times, then abruptly came hard, hips jolting him forward, causing him to accidentally push in deeper.

With an appreciative, panicked choke and moan, Will grabbed Hannibal’s ass and kept him right there for as long as he could, his throat screaming in pain as he seemed to be floating on a cloud of pure happiness.

Hannibal was beside himself, shuddering and coming even more, his cock wildly twitching and his words grunts of anguished delight, “Will, you – little – disobedient – brat – ahhh!”

He shivered and shivered and filled Will with his hot, rigid cock and his salty, creamy cum until he finally stopped moving, then with a soft groan of deprivation pulled himself slowly from the grip of Will’s mischievous and trouble-making mouth.

Rather than wiping his mouth, Will licked his lips slowly, then gathered any stray drops of cum to lick from his fingers.

“Thank you, Daddy.” His voice was a weak croak, but his design had never been stronger, never braver. “If that’s the punishment I get for being naughty, then I’ll just have to keep misbehaving and provoking you. Can’t you see that this makes us both happy, like we should be?”

Hannibal was panting, holding onto the counter as if he thought he was going to faint. His face shone with sweat, his eyes were pleasure-blown and his whole demeanor showed shock and a confusion about how to respond.

This only lasted a few beats. Just like the last time, his cock did not go down even slightly, but remained enormously hard, and the feeling of it made Hannibal bite his own lip and tremble harder.

“You wicked boy, come here,” he scolded, lifting Will and carrying him off with a groan of exertion, manhandling the wriggling boy whenever he tried to escape with a complaining “hey!” clearly designed to encourage manhandling.

“I know what you’re doing,” Hannibal accused, spanking the plush ass firmly before depositing his boy on the bed.

He spread Will beneath him and climbed atop, smoldering down at his favorite prey.

“You do?” Will asked, breathless, lips still ruby-red and swollen from the blow job. “I can still taste you, I can still feel you in a way that makes me happy you’re big enough to hurt me. You leave your mark, you make me ache in ways that make up for the ache of wanting you. And it makes me hungrier. Are you sure you really understand? Because you don’t act like it sometimes.”

Hannibal sat up, straddling him, tugging down the younger man’s boxers and sliding them off before returning to his position over Will, running a hand over the soft brown curls as his expression became tender but pained.

“Of course I understand that.”

He didn’t rut against Will, but he was so big and hard that he naturally pressed against and nudged Will’s cock anyway, making the younger man gasp impatiently.

“What am I going to do with you, my beautiful, impossible beloved?” Hannibal shook his head.

“What am I supposed to do with *you?* You know, you look far too elegant, handsome and intimidating for a man wearing most of a suit with no pants and his dick out.”

“Who’s fault is that?” Hannibal asked with a smirk.

“Right, right, I’m such a *terrible seducing brat*,” Will exaggerated every word, still moaning between them at the slight friction of their cocks, even when Hannibal gave him a reproving look. He kept trying to make his argument. It was no feeble argument, even if his own state was quickly approaching “*rag-doll weak under Hannibal*.”

“Truer words.”

Will pouted. “You don’t want to be seduced? I thought we agreed…”

Hannibal pressed their foreheads together, sighed and then brushed his mouth to Will's, softly passionate. "I love you. I think you are the most beautiful person in the whole world, inside and out. I want you, more than you can possibly know."

"You're right, I can't know it. Because you won't show me."

"Petulant, naughty imp." Hannibal playfully swatted both sides of his face before kissing him again. "My darling. I'm not going to make love to you in that way for the very first time when we are both a little frustrated with –."

"Do you have to be frustrated with me?" Will complained, resisting the desire to grind up against Hannibal, because Daddy was still in charge and he'd already pushed the envelope a lot for one night. "I don't think it's fair."

"I wasn't frustrated with you, until you interrupted me mid-sentence," Hannibal said wryly. He put his hand over Will's mouth and added, "We are both a little frustrated with me. And I have, admittedly, allowed a preoccupation both protective and insecure to build the frustration to an unfair extent to us both."

Will kissed the inside of his hand and Hannibal felt the curve of his smile.

"I'm sorry for interrupting." The words were smothered against the big, warm hand covering his lips, making Hannibal laugh, helplessly.

"You're adorable," he accused, replacing the hand with his mouth, again, then again, rolling them over and putting Will on top of him. He put both hands on Will's ass with a claiming squeeze, obsessed with it as ever, and looked up at Will in a haze of wonder.

"You're too beautiful, my dark, deadly wild boy." He leaned up and captured Will's lips again more deeply, then put his hands on Will's hips, pressed their cocks together and encouraged Will to rock back and forth.

"Ahh," Will moaned, immediately taking the initiative offered by Hannibal. "That feels amazing. I wanted to…but not if you didn't want…"

"Didn't want? You must dispel that absurd notion, if I have to fuck it out of you repeatedly, wicked minx," Hannibal growled. He grabbed Will's ass and moved the boy easily in a calculated rhythm, their cocks sliding together.

The extra precum from Hannibal's dick made the grinding and sliding slippery, wet, hard, hot and absolutely perfect. They were both crying out, Will in high-pitched, mewling sounds he was too pleasured to feel embarrassed about, and Hannibal with low growls that kept getting more intense, almost feral.

Will moved in time with Hannibal's hands shifting him up and down, back and forth, and they both looked between them to watch their dripping erections gliding up against each other, setting off electric waves of pleasure. The sight of it was as hot as the way their cocks emanated bliss from the rhythmic contact, and looking made them both moan louder.

Hannibal kept one hand on Will's smooth, pale ass, kneading the soft flesh as he used the other to cup Will's face and kiss him with raw abandon.

Will lashed his tongue against his lover's with equal excitement, feeding him many breathy moans, and suddenly, he was coming between them, thick, sticky seed splattering against their hot, sweaty skin as he grunted and moaned but didn't stop moving, wanting to make Hannibal come again. He ignored, or rather enjoyed the oversensitivity he felt as he kept going.

Hannibal's face when he was close to coming was a gorgeous sight. He was just so overwhelmed, especially for a man who prided himself on remaining perfectly respectable and calm in most situations. He could not be so with Will.

His expression portrayed a man torn down by bliss he could not believe, that he feared to lose, that he would fight to keep at any cost, an obvious possessiveness that made him growl again when he came, harder this time, and now they were really messy, but kept rutting and making out like crazy until they had to stop with bruised lips and aching cocks. Every inch of them felt completely satisfied.

Almost.

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"Will."

In fact, Will almost felt sorry for Hannibal at this point, though his "bratty" side, greedy and pining for the deep, life-changing fuck he wanted, would not let him stop being so impetuous, tempting Hannibal's patience to break all the time.

It was the next evening, and Will had on one of Hannibal's oversized sweaters again, the soft cashmere against his pale skin already making him feel aroused. He was also blushing, not from the heat of the fireplace or even Hannibal's scandalized look. It was the self-conscious stab of embarrassed guilt for being such a naughty boy, even if it was for Daddy's own good.

He'd never put himself on the line like this for anyone, exposed his desires and his body in these ways, nor had he wanted to. In these heated moments of confusing excitement and dread, he only hoped Hannibal knew how mutual the feeling was; that they were both new at this.

Will straightened up slowly, having bent over to pick up his book, accidentally "dropped" for the purpose of showing off his bare ass under the sweater, and the large, bejeweled plug he was wearing in his tight little hole, learning to stretch himself and get ready for Daddy.

His hands were so slippery with nervous sweat, it wasn't that unlikely he would have dropped the book anyway.

"Yes, Daddy?" Will decided he might as well pull out all the stops since he'd gone this far. So he gave his lover an innocent yet coquettish smile, feeling how much he was blushing as he bit his lip.

“My darling.” Hannibal sat up straighter. By this point, he’d somehow managed to close his mouth and return his eyes to their usual size. He set the book aside and sat in his silky robe and equally smooth, navy blue pajamas and patted his thigh. “Come here.”

“Okay,” Will grinned, exhilarated. Was he finally going to get Hannibal to–

Hannibal grabbed him the second he was close enough, lunging at light speed out of nowhere, and put Will right over his lap, lying down, that is, in a spanking position.

Slowly, he rubbed Will’s ass over the sweater, then lifted it, letting out a feverish hiss when the plug was again revealed.

“I notice you’ve acquired a new accessory, mylimasis. Kindly explain yourself,” Hannibal ordered sternly, still massaging each of Will’s soft cheeks, starting to squeeze them more roughly, though.

“Well, we made an agreement, or. We had an understanding.” Will frowned.

It was so weird trying to explain himself while lying over Hannibal’s lap with a huge erection, feeling Hannibal’s hard cock pressing to him, taking up a lot of space and poking into his sensitive skin. How could he even think with those huge hands touching his ass like Hannibal owned it because he did.

“So, uhhh, since you said eventually we could fuck all the way, and – uh, such,” Will swallowed, fighting the desire to rut against Daddy, “I um, used my allowance credit card at the boutique you brought me to that day when you bought like, a thousand lingeries for me…”

“It was hardly a thousand,” Hannibal smiled, sentimental now, though his grip on Will’s ass kept tightening, then his hand would flatten for a smooth caress, the pattern unpredictable. “But we certainly left a dent in their inventory. It was a lovely day together.”

“Yeah,” Will said, relieved he didn’t seem angry so much as surprised and uncomfortably aroused. None of which was a bad thing…

“I went back there and bought myself an…anal training set.” He whispered the embarrassing, yet arousing phrase.

Hannibal spanked him sharply and made him repeat himself louder.

“You did what?”

“I bought an anal training set, a collection of butt plugs which increase in size so that you can start with a smaller one and gradually upgrade to bigger and bigger–”

“Yes,” Hannibal snapped, his cock growing even bigger and harder under Will. “I am familiar with the concept. Do go on.”

“Well, I made sure it was the best one they had. See, I did some research online, and knew I’d need the finest material to be able to trust the plugs to do their job and be comfortable…to be

pleasurable…so…I also got the light blue because it sort of goes with my eyes. I wanted to please you, Daddy."

With that innocent and yet wholly genuine statement, he rubbed his cheek against Hannibal's knee.

Hannibal sighed. "Will, I can't imagine why you seem to think you're being scolded. However, such behavior won't pass without consequence. It isn't the purchase, but rather hiding it from me and choosing to let me know of your plans in such an incredibly naughty manner. Do us both the honor of not pretending that this –" he growled and spanked Will hard, then groped him again, rubbing his cock against Will's thigh from underneath. "-- isn't exactly what you wanted when you put that in you and showed it off to me without warning."

Clearly pleased with the way Will whimpered, Hannibal continued, in a deep, gritty tone, "It's perfect. You chose a lovely set, and this one must be one of the larger plugs in the assortment…"

Hannibal's hand briefly brushed the base of the plug where it protruded from Will's ass. He moaned and sighed, shaking his head, "N-no, Daddy, this is the second smallest in the set. I got the extra, extra, extra big ones. Had to special order – aahhh! Daddy!"

"Naughty, irresistible boy," Hannibal smirked darkly. He went on spanking Will, losing his breath slightly. His hair fell into his eye and he accused, "Are you embarking on a course of anal training so that you can take Daddy's big hard cock all the way in your delicious, sinful little body, darling?"

"Yes, yes, I wanted to," Will smiled tearfully, his ass red and stinging. Pain seared into pleasure and got him even harder as pride at having made Daddy happy and turned on sent him almost over the moon. "I haven't changed my mind at all, I just want you more every day. I want every single inch of you, and to prove I can handle it."

Hannibal caressed his face with the back of one hand, the other obsessively kneading his ass. "I love you, sweetheart, you know that, don't you? I desire you above all else in this life, or anything beyond it."

"I know." Will blushed more and rubbed his face against Daddy's thigh. "I'm lucky."

"I remind you of this as a preface to letting you know, *you can't handle it*. You absolutely won't be able to handle all of me, certainly not the first time. Even if we eventually get you there, it will break you. It will leave you half out of your mind to be that full. You won't be able to tell where you end and I begin or remember what it was like not to have me there, filling you all the way up…making you mine in every sense."

"Daddy," Will trembled, feeling more sensitive than he ever had in his life, which was wild, since Hannibal always made him feel so sensitive, so special and loved, "Won't you please, please help me get there? Help make me ready."

"Yes, sweetheart, I believe you've won out at last, defeated my old insecurities. What an accomplishment. There's nothing about me you don't know, and no small resistance I've ever

offered which you have not defeated."

"I don't want you to feel insecure."

"You're a darling. And you're a mischievous, scheming little brat." Hannibal grinned, cute fangs on display. He was simply so enchanted with Will, at his sweetest, at his most misbehaved.

Will gave him an adoring, lopsided smile in return. "Yes, I can admit that."

"From now on, we will work together to make you ready. This will be our very special new project," Hannibal announced.

The "official" tone of his delectable accent and lusciously deep voice only made the raunchy implications more dizzying and sexier to Will's ears.

"Really? Oh, thank you, Daddy," he said eagerly, kissing and rubbing against Hannibal's knee and thigh.

Hannibal threaded his fingers through Will's curls and ran his other hand flat down the younger man's back, sliding down the low dip and up over the smooth, perky rounds of his ass.

"You are most welcome, my lovely, precious Will. We will practice every day and each evening. As a matter of fact, I suggest that we each take two weeks off from work, to allow proper focus and recovery time."

"Recovery time?" Will blinked slowly.

"Oh, indeed, yes. This will be long, arduous work for both of us, but deeply pleasurable all the same. I must have your complete focus if we are to prevail. And, as a special treat, I intend to give you a present when we are done, and yes, that means another present besides fucking you on Daddy's big, hard cock until you weep for hours."

"Daddy," Will moaned, "I'm so hard. Your dirty talk, it's more than I can take; I'm almost coming from listening to you."

"I'm sure." Hannibal chuckled fondly, as if comparatively calm, though his body revealed he was definitely no such thing. "But you won't come, William, until your Daddy informs you that you are allowed, is that correct?"

"That's correct," Will whimpered, biting his lip. He wriggled his ass invitingly, but did not grind down with his raging hard-on which was still very, very aware of being pressed so near to Hannibal's.

"Perfect. We will begin tonight's lesson right now. Have you fucked yourself on any of these plugs? Be honest."

"Always am. No, I haven't– ahh – fuck – Hannibal, what?!"

Will stared over his shoulder at Hannibal's pleased, yet nonchalant expression. The older man had just grabbed the base of the butt plug and moved it out and in several times. Pleasure instantly coursed through Will's body from head to toe, radiating particularly in his cock and balls, his prostate tingling, his cries starting to sound boyish and a little bit crazy.

He *felt* a little bit crazy as Hannibal just put a hand on his back to hold him helplessly in place, then began sliding the big plug, in…and out….in…out, back, forth, the large metal smoothly moving, yet clenched for dear life by Will's tight walls as he writhed in ecstasy.

"Oh, God, oh, God, I –"

"Yes," Hannibal said crisply, but again his cock was so fucking hard, the damp precum soaking right through his underwear and pajama pants. "It feels so good, so nice, doesn't it, my angel? This gives you a clearer idea of what it will feel like to be fucked by Daddy, nice and hard but quite slowly. That is how I plan to do it, and what is best for you in my opinion, the only opinion which forms the law of the house. Right, darling?"

"Yeah, that's right, Daddy, I always try to follow your rules – that feels amazing, ahhhh," his eyes rolled back and he hugged Hannibal's thigh, holding on tight to be able to take it as the older man expertly fucked him with the plug.

"I like the heart shape of the blue gem," Hannibal said lightly, fucking harder, his voice finally getting more coarse as he watched the toy moving in and out, pressing it right to the boy's blossoming prostate, knowing how to build the pleasure without letting it crest quite yet.

The orgasm would be more intense and would last for a few extra moments if he could be this patient. He would, as always, ensure that Will suffered the utmost bliss of which a human body was capable.

"Fuck-fuck-fuck," Will blurted desperately, "Yeah, right there, harder–"

"Naughty brat, language," Hannibal scolded. He didn't stop moving the toy, but maintained the slow, deep style of thrusting, meanwhile now spanking Will again. "Say please to Daddy, or I'll stop."

"Please! Please, Daddy, please!"

"Hmm, that's better." Hannibal was fucking smug now, and it was sexy. Will moaned at his self-satisfied attitude, which slightly embarrassed him, igniting his kink for tender, carefully applied humiliation. Daddy was the only one who knew how to do it just right.

The spanks had been more intense already simply from wearing the plug, but now that Will was being fucked on the toy, Daddy's big hand colliding into his ass externally made the pleasure inside him grow, and his mouth fell open in shock.

He could barely make a single noise as this went on…and on…finally he started to adjust to the combined stimulation, but then, of course, the second that happened, Hannibal decided it was time for him to come. The doctor pulled the plug back and in, in, right there, right on that

very spot, the one that – and he smirked, pleased, smacking Will's already reddened, soft ass at the same time. Again.

Will came so hard that he thought he was going to black out for a second. He shook violently as shocks of pleasure ran out from the site of his prostate orgasm through every nerve, muscle, every inch of him, somehow, and he bit Hannibal's thigh hard to get through the best, worst throes of the orgasm that wouldn't seem to let him go.

"Little animal," Hannibal laughed fondly, petting Will's hair as the boy stopped biting. "You've done exceedingly well. How do you feel after your first fucking?"

"Like I just lost my virginity, oh my god," Will sighed, his voice barely able to rise above a petal-soft whisper.

"Mmm. Not yet, my dear, but I'm sure that was quite overwhelming. You have always been so charmingly sensitive that I suspected the pleasure I could give you would be even greater than the normal reactions to such stimulation. Beautiful, devastating creature, how you enthrall me, hold me prisoner with your adorable perfection."

The praise, the *praise*, after the small embarrassment of having to beg so loudly to get fucked on the large plug, after the indescribable *too much* of the way Will came, was enough to make Will cry tears of happiness.

"You take such good care of me, Daddy, thank you…thank you…" He kissed Hannibal's thigh over and over, then his knee, then Daddy carefully, slowly removed the plug and set it aside, massaging and soothing his ass.

"I'm sore, inside and out," Will smiled, sheepish at admitting this, but loving the feeling. "I really love it so much."

"You make me ready to burst with pride at my good, brave boy," Hannibal smiled. "Are you ready to use your mouth now, precious, or are you too tired?"

Will scrambled down on the floor and knelt, guided along the short movements by Hannibal, who noticed, of course, Will was dizzy and might easily have fallen otherwise.

"I can't wait, oh, God, thank you so much," Will declared in his weak, lusty voice, whipping the robe back and tugging the older man's pants down.

Hannibal offered no resistance, only the mild chiding, "Now, now, darling boy, be a bit more careful. You are tired from your first proper training session, even if you prefer to act otherwise. You will stop if you start to feel too much pain, or have trouble breathing. Is that clear?"

"Yes, but I won't," Will said quickly and grinned.

Hannibal gave him an exasperated look, but it changed over to pure, overpowering erotic bliss as Will then went to work, his confidence and skill growing more with each time they did this.

This time, he did even better as to taking the shockingly huge cock that his lover thrust into him repeatedly. Hannibal was obviously trying to come sooner than usual because he didn't want Will to tire himself out even more, but Will caught onto that. He started teasing, alternating almost deep throating with pulling back and licking the tip, his favorite lollipop, swirling his tongue around and licking up and down the whole, huge, throbbing length. Then he swallowed down as much as he could with no warning, and repeated –

Until Hannibal lost his mind – which was the third time Will did it. He grabbed Will's face in both hands, leaning down with a savage expression. "Stay there, boy, take what Daddy gives you properly."

Hannibal then fucked Will's mouth hard, getting just a bit deeper than ever until he came right down his lover's throat with an animal growl, slapping Will's face just firmly enough to hurt. That was how Will liked it, after all. And as with most things, only Daddy knew how to hurt Will just right.

He licked and swallowed and savored every drop of Hannibal's release, but out of every wonderful part of the act, he most savored the red shade of Hannibal's sweaty face, the fast rise and fall of his furry chest and the look of shocked, complete abandon on his handsome face.

That was what truly let Will know he'd been a very good boy indeed.

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The training continued for a full week; they stayed at home for the most part, alternating "sessions" of anal preparation with "recovery time."

It turned out that the metal plugs felt even better if Hannibal warmed them; the first time this happened, Will was almost screaming by the time he came. One other day, Hannibal cooled the plug they were using, which was a different, somewhat odd feeling, yet became more and more delightfully stimulating the more his Daddy twisted and thrust with the toy.

Hannibal performed aftercare very tenderly, insisting to Will that there would never be an exception to this ritual, however hard he might still be himself, and however impatient Will was for another session. They must be properly spaced out, lest the experience become too draining.

"You can keep me on your lap for hours doing that, I'd never mind," Will smiled one day, delirious during the aftercare, snuggled in Daddy's strong arms.

"An intriguing concept," Hannibal smiled, and he decided they would try it.

After putting on a long film which they had both wanted to watch but had not, until this afternoon, had the time to sit down and enjoy together, Hannibal sat quite comfortably in his favorite armchair, with Will spread over his lap, where he belonged. And he spent three hours lazily playing with the plug, teasing, teasing, twisting it, moving it a tiny bit before stopping, going back to just rubbing Will's ass.

Will tried to pay attention to the movie, an endeavor quickly abandoned. All he could really do was go into a lustfully happy daze and let Hannibal play with him however he liked. But finally, as the credits rolled, his dream state was interrupted by an earnest fucking, accompanied as usual by a hard spanking, praise from Daddy's lips huskily mixing with "naughty, naughty boy, always wanting more and more, always so very needy…"

He thought that was the best day of his life; that is, until the first week was over and Hannibal told him his training was now complete.

"Wow, thank you! I half-expect a certificate or degree or something," Will said with a proud, accomplished laugh at dinner that evening.

Hannibal gave him that smug, very hot, little smile. "You'll get an entirely better reward than that, dear boy. Please, accept this small gesture of my love, in commemoration of your delicious efforts."

"Only you could ever talk like that, for God's–" Will's fond grumble of aroused frustration abated when he opened the gift box that Hannibal had set on the table.

Inside, he found an absolutely gorgeous, whisper-thin and gauzy, ice blue lingerie, and a silver necklace to match, featuring an enormous, real aquamarine stone.

"Hannibal," Will sighed, "This is stunning. I feel like it's too much for…me to…"

"Accept? Feel worthy of?" Hannibal's fond smile warmed even more. "I'm afraid I won't be taking no for an answer. I want you to don that very attire for our first evening of full love-making."

Will blushed. "Oh, um…okay, then…" He ducked his head, temporarily bashful at the obviously expensive jewelry and lacy lingerie.

"And there is something else in the box, darling," Hannibal encouraged.

Will looked and discovered a print-out confirmation of a cabin rental. Well, a cabin…that looked simultaneously like a small castle of some kind. It was knock-out beautiful and located in Capon Bridge, West Virginia.

"God, this is exquisite…thank you so…really? You're taking me on a trip?" Will asked, getting that pleasantly nervous feeling again, along with a bright blush in his face.

The "me?" part, even after so many months settled together, even with Hannibal loving Will to delighted excess and tolerating seven dogs in his house, still stood out in Will's mind. Only when he received especially wonderful gifts and when Hannibal looked at him while spoiling him. How could he be the focus of all this, how could he deserve it? Even when he brought himself to believe it, it seemed surreal.

"Yes, my love. I want our first time to be every bit as special as you have dreamed it, and more. It's a lovely area, with plenty of lush rural sights and pleasantly peaceful activities. Yet I doubt we will have much time for sight seeing…"

“But we’ll still see some sights,” Will joked, toying with the paper, having a hard time fully believing it.

“That we will, sweetheart,” Hannibal agreed, just a bit more seriously than Will had said it. “That we will. Now, go and wait for me in the library. I still intend to give you a session this evening, although you’ve completed the first course of studies with flying colors.”

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The following day, they set off to spend the second week of their vacation in the lavish cabin, nestled between mountains and rivers.

There was an indoor pool and a hot tub, and every piece of furniture was exorbitantly perfect. The entire place was suitable for royalty, which had Will blushing at the mere idea of Hannibal spending this amount of money to make their first time special. To please and spoil Will.

And yes, it was quietly hilarious that while Hannibal sought to please his boy by indulging Will’s preferences towards rustic environs and decor, he did so while making sure it was the most insanely expensive and luxurious “cabin” ever.

Yet, the best gift was still to come…

They relaxed with a nice lunch made by Hannibal in the impressive kitchen, listening to gentle, classical music and then sitting in the living room to gaze out at views of the woods through the huge front windows. Will sat on Hannibal’s lap in the comfortable leather chair and hugged him, then began kissing him more firmly, more suggestively after a while.

Hannibal returned every warm kiss, cradling Will’s face. “Hmm. I think you’re more than ready now, aren’t you, baby?”

Will nodded eagerly. His heart lept in his chest, butterflies swirling in his stomach as his cock twitched, already getting hard in anticipation.

Hannibal tapped Will’s nose affectionately, as if Will was a child who was getting extra candy for dessert. “I’d like you to go and change, then, and get into our bed. Wait for me there.”

Will put on the soft, transparent lingerie, which was like wearing an actual cloud, and fastened the pretty necklace around his neck, marveling at how it twinkled even in the low, rosy lamplight and gently flickering candles which Hannibal had lit.

The cabin had a skylight, a window right above the bed which framed a stunning view of the starry night sky. As Will lay on sheets and a mattress that completed the “cloud-like” sensation of the ethereal, romantic ambience, he breathed evenly, slowly in and out, trying to stay reasonably calm, entirely failing.

“Everything is so beautiful and perfect,” he said to Hannibal when the older man arrived, dressed only in a red velvet robe.

“Ah,” Hannibal smiled, climbing into bed beside his lover, “You, most of all, sweetheart. Are you quite comfortable?”

Will nodded. “Perfectly,” he giggled. “I don’t think a pre-planned seduction was ever this exciting.”

“We make everything exciting, don’t we, Will?” Hannibal’s eyes misted over a bit. “This will be no exception.”

“Yes,” Will agreed, hypnotized by the sweetness and passion that mixed in his lover’s gaze when Hannibal hovered above him, taking a moment to play with the necklace and lingerie.

He trailed a long, thick finger right down Will’s neck, touching at the necklace, cool against Will’s hot skin as the boy trembled, overheated with excitement, much as Hannibal was, too.

And staring at the way lace and gauze clung to Will’s body in the babydoll negligee, he sighed.

“Even more beautiful than I imagined,” he mused in wonderment. “And I imagined you would look very beautiful.”

Will moaned as Hannibal leaned in to kiss him, kisses that quickly built in passion and became beautifully messy with the distraction of their lust. Will unbelted Hannibal’s robe and the older man shrugged it off.

The profiler could feel Hannibal’s naked, huge cock immediately pressed to his own, where it jutted through the pretty, sheer blue fabric of his lingerie.

“Daddy,” Will sighed, never having meant these words more, “Please.”

Hannibal smiled against his warm lips, nibbled the lower one, then gave one more tender kiss before he lay down on his back, putting his arms out for Will. “Straddle me, please, my dear, ah, no – like this, see?”

He had Will straddling his face, which made Will tremble, realizing his intention, soon fulfilled as the younger man rode Hannibal’s face with rising pleasure, moaning and crying out “Daddy.” Hannibal knew damn well how to use that clever, wicked mouth and tongue, and he ate Will out with vigor, yet with a luxurious pace that showed no hurry. He was enjoying himself, encouraging Will to move in time with his licks to make it feel even better, and letting Will come like that.

“Thank God, you said it was okay,” he quivered and cling to the headboard even harder as the aftershocks faded, his whole body feeling buzzy and soft. "I couldn’t have helped coming with you…underneath me, like that.”

He’d be thinking about Hannibal, framed in the gauzy blue lingerie, positioned under Will’s ass, grabbing his hips to make the younger man grind against his hot mouth, his perfect tongue – he’d be thinking about it a *lot*.

“You’re to be treated to every indulgence I can fathom,” Hannibal smiled, licking his lips as if this had been a transcendent experience for him.

“You planned to have us do that?” Will realized, breathless against the plush bedding and pillows as Hannibal kissed him all over, licking nipples through the lace, kissing his stomach with warm, lingering, wet attentiveness…

Raising goose flesh everywhere he put his mouth, and making Will shiver, even as fever of pleasure roared through his senses.

Hannibal sucked Will until he was defenseless to getting harder again, so fast it made his head spin. Satisfied, he couldn’t seem to help grinning in that adorkable way only Will ever got to see, delighted by how Will looked, spread beneath him pliant and moaning absolute nonsense mish-mash sentences involving copious swears and “*Hannibal*” or “*Daddy,*” and “*please*.”

He’d apologize for the cursing later, except maybe he wouldn’t. Deep down, Will knew Hannibal was turned on by his filthy talk, but relished the chance to punish him with delightful spankings. This was not the occasion for discipline, however…

“Alright, angel, it’s alright,” Hannibal soothed when the time came, after so much waiting and work on their relationship, so that they were bonded more than ever. After preparing Will’s virginal body and making this about as easy as it was ever going to be, on a first try. It was happening…

“Oh, God,” Will cried, softly sobbing as the head of Hannibal’s enormous cock breached his tight hole. He had learned to take so much, but this was a kind of “full” which – even at a relatively tentative depth – Will felt in every pore of his being.

The feeling, although, of course, accompanied by a powerful burn of intrusion at the huge dick penetrating him slowly, slowly, deeper…was so intense, Will dug his nails into Hannibal’s ass with both hands, then used the same grip to urge him in deeper.

Hannibal, who was shaking with the work of holding back at first, giving Will a bit more of himself, then more, carefully, then blinked back tears of surprise at Will’s eager, even saucy requests.

“Really, darling? It doesn’t hurt too much?”

“I like how it hurts. But it feels more…oh, fuck. *God*. How can I even say it in words?” Will asked, panting, struggling even to summon cogent thought. “It’s so much more pleasure than pain, so much more good than anything I ever felt, in my whole life. You feel so perfect, Daddy.”

He gave Hannibal a touching, almost nurturing smile that soothed the older man’s remaining doubts and concerns.

“I just want more,” Will said plainly, and the sheer bliss etched on his lovely face in the moonlight which shone on their sweat-shining bodies from above finally convinced Hannibal

to let go.

He kept pressing in, every bit more making them both cling and cry out in astonished, shocked pleasure, until he was somehow, somehow! Almost fully seated. His balls brushed against Will's ass, and Will, to his complete surprise, as he lay with his mouth hanging open and cried in joyful pleasure – orgasmed, that very moment that Hannibal slid in as deep as he could go this time. He came, jolting in Hannibal's arms and moaning, when Hannibal looked worried at his sharp cry, "I just fucking *came*, Hannibal, oh, God, *fuck*, oh, my God, feel that?"

Quivering harder in Hannibal's powerful arms, with the older man's cock embedded all the way inside him, the throb of his lover seemed to protrude a bit under his low belly. Will could feel the bump and knew Hannibal felt it against his own body. Hannibal's arousal at that was only intensified by the sight of the sticky dampness of his lover's release, proving Will's statement, though the doctor could hardly believe his eyes.

"Sweet boy, my brave angel," he marveled, leaning back to watch something else, now, with Will's thighs held tightly in his hands. He watched his giant cock slowly pulling out, not all the way, but nearly, only to slowly, but smoothly and firmly thrust back in, deep and deeper, with Will encouraging, not crying out in pain, Will thanking him, and calling him "Daddy" –!

Hannibal was wild at the combination, the sensation of total ecstasy filling his body as he filled Will, at long last, and the realization, the truth of Will loving it. Will loved everything about Hannibal and his body, even the excessive precum that got them and the bed unreasonably wet.

In fact, he had underestimated how much his own natural lubrication would help, probably because he'd never slept with anyone who got quite this far, or was so loving that both of them could relax their bodies enough for this to work. He had used up the better part of a lube bottle, in addition to his own saliva from eating Will out for so long, but the precum which dripped so liberally from his solid length made it very damn good, to say the least.

He could now, finally, finally fuck his boy, really fuck him, right into the bed that creaked underneath them as both men moaned loudly. Will's body was more heavenly than seemed possible, the smooth, warm tightness clenching around him so that every time a thrust didn't make Hannibal come, it was a miracle.

This first time, he did know he would not last as long as he would like. It was too much of a novelty and too pleasurable for him to stand for much longer without his body insistently toppling him into orgasm. So, instead of worrying about that, he leaned into Will's soothing, encouraging words, knowing Will always told him that it didn't matter how long they made love, or if Hannibal thought he was athletically impressive enough (he really did consider sex an art and was perhaps too invested in giving Will the best experience he possibly could, every single time). He just wanted his Daddy, and it was no different this time.

"Come on," Will sighed between broken mewls and whimpers, "You can come when you need to, Daddy, show me how good I make you feel, because – oh, God, fuck, holy – you make me feel un - be -believable. I love you s-so much," he managed tearfully, getting the

breath punched right out of him several times in the middle of the sentence, with the immensity of Hannibal filling him and solidly thrusting, rocking Will's whole world.

Hannibal trusted his boy, had come so far himself, in finding true intimacy through the beautiful understanding between them. He knew Will was out of his mind with pleasure and fully satisfied, so did not hesitate as the bliss began to mount, and he knew he was so - close, very close now, staring down into Will's bright, star-filled blue eyes, seeing the knocked-out grin on the boy's face. Will was a vision, sweaty and grinning in that drunk way, his lingerie sticking to him wherever Hannibal's passionate pulls on it during sex had not ripped it. The necklace kept swinging, swaying and bouncing as Hannibal fucked Will, not nearly as dazzling as the boy whose swan-like neck and chest it adorned.

"Will," was all he could cry out in a jagged, frightened tone when he climaxed. It felt so shockingly good to come that deep inside the man he loved as his cock pulsed out a thick, generous release into Will and the younger man's body clutched him tighter. "Will," he said with more tears as they kissed, and he thrust a few more times to ride out the pleasure.

Drunk with joy himself, he climbed down the bed as soon as he had carefully withdrawn from Will's tight, exquisite heat. He set about sucking Will's cock, finding it fully hard and so beautiful, but he only had a chance for two lavishes of his hot tongue over the head, before the boy burst into orgasm that simply.

"Daddy, oh, oh, God, please," Will cried as his back arched off the bed. Hannibal knew what he needed, what he was begging for, and lay next to his boy again, gathering the warm, perfect body into his loving arms.

The pleasure and ache were too much; Will was on cloud nine and too overwhelmed all at once, painfully sensitive, throbbing after having Hannibal inside him all the way, crying softly and hugging his lover in return, just as tightly.

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Some time later, after they took what might be called "a nap," though the hours were spun like cotton candy around them in this place, and they were hardly keeping track of it, Will smirked at Hannibal and kissed his mouth.

"You're awake again, I know it."

Hannibal laughed softly, looking up at Will through his lashes as the boy lay on his side, head propped on his hand. As always, he was gazing at Hannibal with completely obsessed worship, finding the look returned in equal measure by the older man.

"You caught me. I like the way you feel, so near to me and so warm, in the magical place between sleeping and waking. Yet with you, life itself is the best dream of all." He kissed Will and played with his curls.

"This feels like a honeymoon," Will joked mischievously. He thought it would be funny if he started a running gag about him pushing Hannibal for a proposal and ring, now that he finally got his cock.

He wasn't that big of a brat, so those were not his true sentiments. And Will didn't actually place that much importance on marriage, but he knew it would make them both laugh.

To his surprise, Hannibal's smile remained serious. "It should, I suppose." His chuckle was deep, throaty, distinctly nervous. "Since I also brought you here to ask you to marry me."

Will found that he was crying before the words even fully sank in, and that the word "yes" bubbled like a fountain overflowing from his shaking lips.

Hannibal had a ring, of course he did, hidden in the side table, and he slid it onto Will's finger amidst passionate kisses. "Stunning, perfect," he praised, admiring the white gold ring with its large, sparkling blue diamond.

"A rare and beautiful jewel, like you."

Will blushed even redder. "Oh, brother. It's a good thing you got it inset, or I'd slice everything and everyone open just walking around with this on my hand."

The jewel really was obscenely large. "Forgive me, but I could not possibly resist spoiling you in this, perhaps a bit more than usual, since it is such an important step forward in our love."

"You know I adore it," Will smiled, as their kisses followed with the flow of their breath, representing the same vital energy of keeping them alive.

Hannibal was immediately obsessed by seeing Will Graham (soon to be Will Lecter-Graham) wearing his ring and very little else, sex-flushed in the lavish bed. He held Will's hand, turning it this way and that, declaring again, "absolutely ravishing, my love."

"Then, future husband," Will grinned, reaching his arms out and wiggling his fingers with a happy laugh, "I think you'd better get over here and ravish me. For the rest of our lives."

With an answering laugh of delight, a very relaxed and excited Dr. Lecter rolled his future husband underneath him, to be ravished, that night and ever after.

End Notes

"What If" story playlist: https://open.spotify.com/playlist/1o4VxY7u83cPboWjnIJRtX?si=b112d24d92184b8d

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